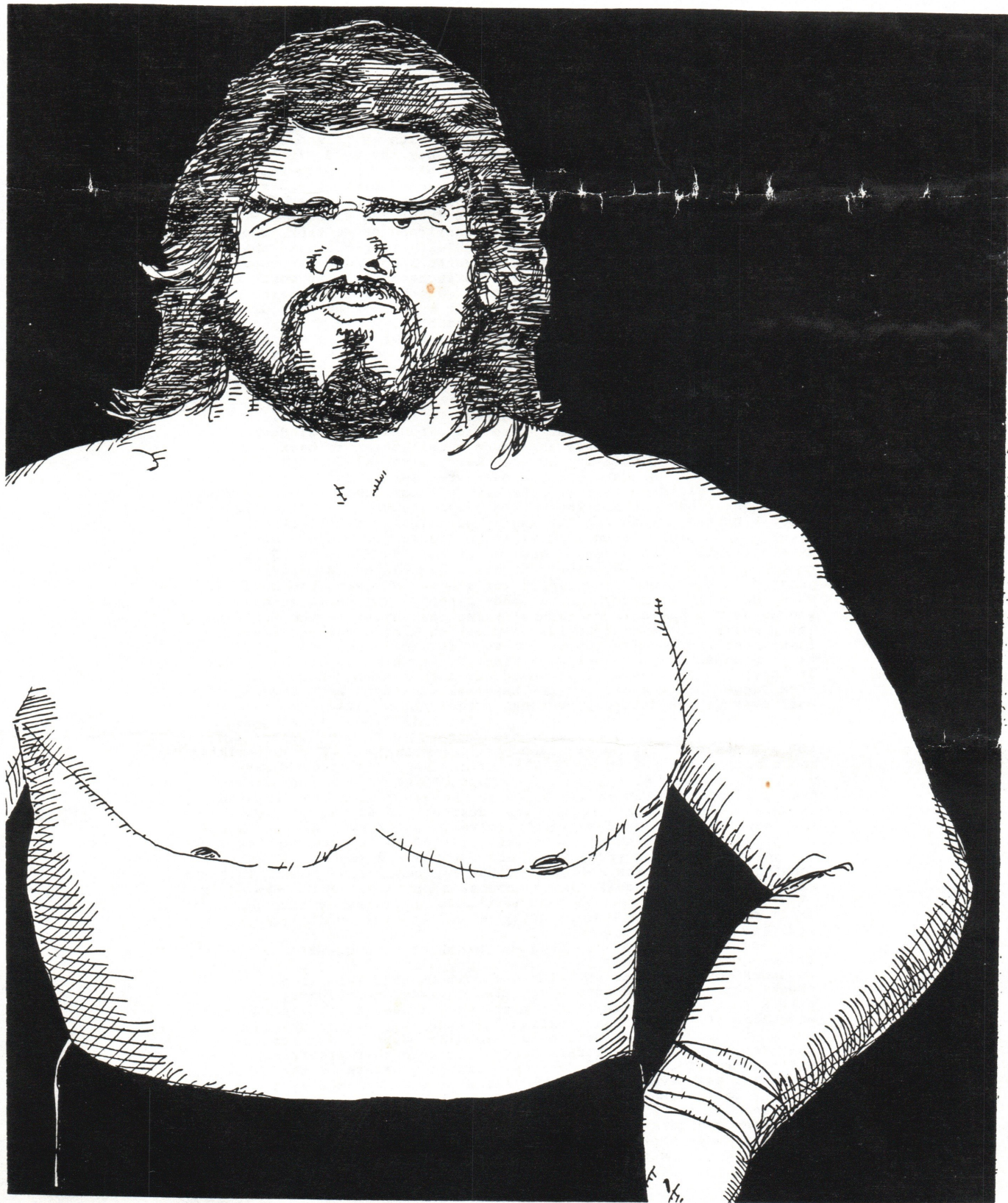


CHAIRSHOTS

ISSUE #24

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SHOOTKICK

by Jeff Boudren

"In the sweet old country where I come from,
nobody ever works, and nothing gets done,
We hang fire....we hang fire.
You know that marrying money is a fulltime job,
I don't need the aggravation, I'm a lazy slob."

It was in September of 1986 when I ventured to venerable War Memorial Auditorium in Ft. Lauderdale with my friend/lackey/worshipper of me/guy who really likes to say the word "juice", Craig Hallick. I left the building that night convinced that I had seen the very best wrestler in the world blow my doors off with his effort in a 4½ star plus all over the arena type of brawl with Ron Bass (Hey, don't laugh-Ron Bass!) My belief in Barry Windham was later confirmed by Meltzer, who told me that no less an authority than Terry Funk had said that after wrestling Barry in a match in Puerto Rico, Funk was convinced that Windham was the logical choice to succeed Flair as world champ. Weeks went by, and as I'm sure Meltzer remembers, I generally mentioned at least once every phone call my disbelief that Crockett Promotions didn't sign Barry to a contract (Boy, was I stupid or what? Expecting those peabrains to do something intelligent) Well, as we all now know, Magnum T.A. decided to play tag with his Porsche and a tree one night, and the tree won. Barry is signed up in a heartbeat and surprise! He and Flair managed to give us '87's match of the within 3 months.

But to quote George Lucas, that was a long time ago, in a galaxy far, far away....I sat there and watched Barry Windham last month and at Slamboree and found myself thinking back to that night in September in '86 when Barry Windham, fuck yeah! I said it, Barry Windham was the best wrestler in the world. Better than Flair, better than Brody, Fujinami, Choshu, all of them. That night, when, at age 26, he was young enough to still be in a position to be absolved for making politically incorrect career moves. That night, when I knew, if he didn't get hosed over by Virgil, that one day he'd get the strap. So I watched Slamboree and I saw this bloated, double chin, big titted, slovenly ghost of a guy I saw one night 8 years ago. Who was this guy? When the hell did Barry become Buddy Landel? Why would someone who argueably has as much natural talent as anyone in the business let himself become what he is? I'm not talking about the knee injury and whether its legit or a work for insurance money. I'm talking about a guy who allowed himself, and make no mistake about it-Barry did this to himself-to become such a slob? Hey, B.W. Mick Jagger hit the nail on the head-you must have been hanging fire. What ever happened to professional pride? Hell, what ever happened to personal pride? How did this guy let this happen to himself? What the hell happened to all those young guys from ten years ago who are now either dead or washed up? I mean, hey, I'm not talking about people who are in their 50's or anything. Michael Hayes-washed up. Tommy Rich-washed up. Most of the guys who were the "young lions" on Georgia wrestling in the early 80's are finished. Is this something that the industry creates? Does the business just keep beating you down until you've lost all your self-respect? If it is, then I think we can all understand the reason why there are not as many good young wrestlers out there anymore, and it has nothing to do with the collapse of the regional promotions. It has more to do with the collapse of someone's pride and spirit-it truly is a nasty, nasty business that we choose to follow my friends. Is it any wonder that the majority of us that follow it are perverts and degenerates?

And as for the still young Mr. Windham? A suggestion: Either go to the local liquor store, buy a bottle of J.D. and go drink yourself into oblivion and collect that insurance check that you'll probably be getting for your knee injury-or take a look at yourself in the mirror-and I mean a long, hard, mean look at yourself-and realize that your way out of shape, but that your young enough to do something about it and realize that for someone of your rare natural talents that wrestling will always create a spot for you. It's the nature of the beast to "never say never again". The folks at WCW, as much as I usually loathe them, should not have to be your babysitter, and they should not have to put some sort of clause in your contract requiring you to stay in shape.

Hey B.W! September of 1986 may seem like a long time ago to some people, but not to me. Make up your fuckin mind.....

A KNEE TO THE GROIN!

"CREATE YOUR OWN DAMN WRESTLING HEADLINE!"

By Big Time Professional Guest Journalist - the Foxy Ms. Kay Fabian

This is Bigelow speaking. I'm sure you are all sick and tired of the garish, sensationalistic headlines which (dis)grace the front pages of some of the newsletters. But did you ever wonder how these geniuses come up with all these hot scoops? Take my word for it, its nothing but a crap shoot as the following column by my close personal friend and former sex surrogate, the sultry Ms. Kay Fabian, will prove! Any simp with a computer can create real slick looking headlines for their quaint little newsletters. Its like the menu in a Chinese restaurant where you get to order ala carte. Simply mix and match one phrase or term from each column just like Dave and Wade do 10 minutes before every deadline to fabricate their bogus lead stories. Think about this Asian culinary philosophy the next time you see Vince McMahon twitching uncontrollably after overdosing on too much MSG (the toxic flavor enhancer - not the arena!).

COLUMN A

Profusely Bleeding
Money Grubbing
Squeegie Wielding
Scantily Clad
'Roided Up
Zonked Out
Sardine Eating
Rumor Mongering
Ass Kissing
Impotent
Talentless
Masked
Drug Addled
Know-it-all
Pushy
Nympho
Sleazy
Treacherous
Hopelessly Pathetic
Indignant
Uncooperative
Xenophobic

COLUMN B

Bisexual Tag Team Partners
Monster Heels with Attitudes
Puny Wrestling Managers
Booking Committee Weasels
Pedophilic Promoters
Self-Hype Artists
Know-it-all Sheet Editors
WWF Road Agent Goons
Hard Core Fans
Jubie Jay Mullins Playmates
Journeymen Workers
Overpaid Announcers
Dave Meltzer Clones
Bookers' Crybaby Sons
13 Year Old Ring Rats
Overweight Promoters
Carlos Rey Impersonators
Lesbian Mud Wrestlers
"Most Respected" Columnists
Wrestling Hot Line Hosts
Fan Favorites
Dave Scherer Admirers

COLUMN C

Give Missy's Hooters a Little Squeeze
Hit WWF Office with Search Warrant
Slash M.O.M.'s Tires with Razor
Admire Bill Apter's Frankness
Pummel Eric Bischoff with Coal Shovel
Declare Bankruptcy in Tears
Sue the Competition for Royalties
Get Subpoened in DEA Drug Probe
Seduce Pat Patterson at Slumber Party
Defect to Rival Promotion
Annoy Jobbers with Soap-on-a-Rope
Tour Japan to Avoid Prosecution
Fail WWF Drug Test
Pass WCW Drug Test
Kick Billy Graham's Poor Aching Shins
Get Acquitted of Statutory Rape
Get Major Push for No Known Reason
Subvert the Newsletters with the Truth
OD on Lethal Hulk Hogan Vitamins
Win Non-existent NWA World Title
Stab Each Other in England for Fun
Suplex Mickey Mouse at Disneyland

Incident on the Internet

Jeffrey Cohen

I logged on as usual. I expected two, maybe three mail messages from my online comrades. Instead, one missive from KMAX King, reading as follows:

"KMAX, a nationally {sic} syndicated T.V. and radio station are here to offer you a proposition you can't refuse. Since you love wrestling, we are offering you a job on your own T.V. or radio show. You can call it anything you want, and it will be a half-hour long and will be a show on wrestling. If you get the job, we will try to broadcast it right before "Monday Night RAW" or the "WCW Saturday Night." Your salary will be based on the ratings, \$1 per average viewer. (The average bust T.V. show in Tucson, where KMAX is based, gets at least 10,000 to 25,000 viewers, that's \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year.) We have gotten offers to go nation-wide. We refused it for now, because we still want to get the best broadcasting possible before we let the nation see our "stuff." We hope that we can make you a part of our best broadcasting.

"Before we can hire you, however, we need to see a sample of what you can do. Please send KMAX a sample video or tape. You can do an audio tape for radio, which pays only \$0.25 a viewer, or you can send us a video tape which would be for T.V., which, as you know, pays \$1 per viewer. If we like your tape more than the tapes submitted by other people, *YOUR {sic} HIRED,* if not *SORRY.* If you get the job we will get a satellite hookup to your show can be shown live, if you want to. We will also send you a contract on likne {sic} that you can print out and then send back to us.

"Please send you sample tape to KMAX at:

KMAX Staffing Office
1881 N. King St.
Tucson, AZ 85749

Sincerely,

KMAX and all its staff

P.S. We are sorry, but it would be too expensive to return your tapes. So you will not be receiving your tapes back."

Well, dick me. My own radio or teevee show! I saw that 38 online IDs had been cc'd to receive this entry. I brushed this happy talk aside and checked my baseball box scores.

Cut to the next night. I logged on as usual. I expected two, maybe three mail messages from my online comrades. Instead, five missives concerning "KMAX King." *Outside Interference's* Dave Prazak, a staunch defender of online rights, was blasting the culprit behind this prank, calling for a public apology to all members!

He forwarded his note to all those who received the email to inform them that "KMAX King" is a 14-year-old boy from Tucson, AZ, "whose main goal in distributing the aforementioned letter on the surface appears to be a cheap stunt to get free tapes in the mail."

Dave continued to debunk this kid's claims to owning TV and radio stations, and the rights to air shows on various networks with exclusive broadcast rights (RAW on USA and WCW Sat. Night on TBS).

I must print this next part outright, because I almost bust a gut: "There's one utterly outrageous claim that I can't even begin to analyze as to why you would choose to make a statement like this, 'Your salary will be based on the ratings, \$1 per average viewer. (The average bust T.V. show in Tucson, where KMAX is based, gets at least 10,000 to 25,000 viewers, that's \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year.)' And just as outrageous, 'If you get the job we will get a satellite hookup to your show can be shown live, if you want to.' If

we want to you can get a satellite hookup? Please! Do you take us for utter fools?" Ouch, Dave, the kid won't be shaving until he's 19 after your withering assault!

Through the Instant Message feature available on America Online, Dave corresponded with the culprit while online, and inquired about the offer made in his email. He asked to be sent, through the U.S. Postal Service, the paperwork concerning putting a show on the air at their station since, if 'KMAX' were to exist, he might've been interested in attempting to get a television program on their station. After being told that "KMAX doesn't want to waste postage," Dave went into action, demanding an immediate apology to all members. And he got it! The kid caved in like a sack of Rhodes.

The other three messages were from regular users of the AOL wrestling forums, and a simmering one that the conference leaders wrote, asking a sheet editor not to print what had happened. And, of course, the apology, blaming a friend who typed the thing in while he was pre-occupied. A typical dopey kid thing.

"KMAX, a nationally {sic} syndicated T.V. and radio station are here to offer you a proposition you can't refuse!"

The kid was removed from his volunteer duties hosting one of the weekly forums for the rest of the month. Yet two weeks later, he was scamming again, sending a phony message as Charles Barkley, wrestling fan, saying he was going to be hosting the forum for the kid. Didn't he learn his lesson?

The amazing thing about going online for most people is being able to "toss off" their mortal baggage – bad complexion, short/tall, rotten posture, green teeth, smelly, no friends, etc. – and create a new identity. Yet this kid had mistakenly gone online as himself, made some friends, and was still unsatisfied. He had to concoct a completely new persona and try not fool the people he had reached out to across the country.

In a way, that is what happens in wrestling, too. When one gimmick gets worn out, the promoter phases down the performer until a new wrinkle can be worked out. Look at the number of failed tags stuck on "Secret Service" JackO Victory during his abortive WCW tenure. Nobody knew what to do with the guy, yet he had a job. Online, we would have been able to send him mail to any of his multiple IDs.

TURNBUCKLE NOTES: It's a sad thing when a parent goes insane. I was moving from my homestead to my own apartment this month, while my fiancée's mother was undergoing life-threatening surgery. Tonight, before I sat down to write this column, I was planning to watch the Knicks game, shower, and drive to my apartment to spend my first night there. Instead, I walk in the door to find that my mother, defying reason and knowing my plans were slowed by outside elements, had thrown my remaining possessions in boxes and left them by the front door! And it wasn't all my stuff – she threw in some of my brother's books and one of her own clippings! Needless to say, it added a new twist to the old saying, "You can't go home anymore." ... Fans were probably too perplexed figuring who would win last year's *King of the Ring*, so Vince planned this one while he napped. Owen over Razor in the final.

CHAIRSHOTS MAILBOX

10117 W. OAKLAND PARK BLVD., #341, SUNRISE, FL 33351



Dear Barry,

Another great issue. Good seeing JD McKay's name back in the sheets. CS is still my favorite read. When I'm done reading it I always want more. Time to bother you like people used to bother me-GO WEEKLY! Dave Penzer. I don't know Jeff, should I waste my time? Oh, what the hell. You've got some big balls Penzer. At least you have a job? I have a job too, pal. Oh, you must mean in the wrestling business. Well, if my lip prints were all over Jody Hamilton's ass I would have a job with WCW too! Hey Barry, hope you'll still be in Florida for the PPV in Orlando. It'll be a wild weekend in O-town. Time to pull an Evan Ginzburg. Call Ron Lemieux with Arena Ramblings on the Real Wrestling Hotline option 2 on Wednesdays-1-900-903-9030. Promotional consideration paid for by the following.....

RON LEMIEUX
LAKE MARY, FL

Barry,
I don't know about Missy Hiatt showing up in Playboy now that she's brought up the harassment charge. Even if a jury did want to find against the "evil corporate giant" for "victimizing" the innocent employee, whatever credibility she might have might be lost if the defendants started handing out copies of the magazine and then directed the jury to page 152 where they could find out what Missy's turn ons, turn offs, and who her role models are. Too bad, because I would love to see a "Women of Wrestling" layout with Missy, Woman, Madusa, Lady Blossom, etc. Finally, I would really like to see a section in CS where readers could advertise tapes and other memorabilia for trade or sale. I know that its being done in the Observer, but I think with so many readers, the average reader may figure someone else will respond to the ad. CS readership is probably a more tight knit group and would be more likely to answer an ad. Thanks Barry, and keep up the good work! I look forward to every issue.

GREG VANDENHEUVEL
ONTARIO, CANADA

(I think your idea of a trading post is a good one. Let's make this open to everyone involved with CS, even the columnists. If response is good, look for the debut of this new feature next month.)

Barry,

In Issue #23, the beloved JD McKay brought up a good point. Why don't hardcore fans get along and stop feuding with one another? I think a lot of the problem stems from the nature of the sport they love. Hey, the biz is full of conflict, strife, and people "working" (I.E. baldface lying) to each other. If one watches enough wrestling, he/she is bound to imitate it either consciously or subconsciously. Hey, even I have been guilty of this. I've talked to Mike Lano, and he seems to be a good guy. If I talked to Ron Lemieux, he would probably turn out to be a good guy too. Lighten up, people! I also enjoyed Dave Scherer's report on the E(veryone) C(heats) W show on 5/14. Just to add to what Dave said: The "Weasly kid with a stupid haircut" ref that Scherer spoke of is a Michigan-Ohio indy ref named John "Pee Wee" Moore. His whole gimmick is getting heat with fans, and then getting laid out by the wrestlers. One show had Terry Funk giving him a nice and nasty backbreaker and pee wee was dragged to the dressing room like a zombie. Also, Funk must have liked calling for knives because he did it the next night (5/15) in Lincoln Park, MI during the Funk-Sabu death match. No one supplied him with cutlery, either. Hey Bar, why aren't you into afro-american women as Bowdren alluded to? You can drive a black Corvette just as fast as a white one.

ROBERT SOLARI II
DETROIT, MI

CHAIRSHOTS MAILBOX IS ONCE AGAIN OPEN!! CS WELCOMES ALL LETTERS, COMMENTS AND CRITICISMS. ALL LETTERS ARE PRESUMED FOR PUBLICATION UNLESS REQUESTED OTHERWISE. LETTERS MAY BE EDITED FOR LENGTH AND/OR CLARITY, BUT THIS CAN BE AVOIDED BY WRITING A SHORT, LEGIBLE LETTER.

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Wade Keller is the perfect cure for writer's block, much like Order She Write is the perfect cure for insomnia. I really wanted to give up bashing the pretentious little snot's brains in, but when I read his Editor's Notes column in the Triple Play section of his 6/4 issue, I knew it was time to fire up the barbie and fry his butt. In case you were one of the lucky ones that missed it, the Boy Wonder has decreed that some hardcore smart fans "take being a mark to a different level, to a point of blind (or, at least blurry) hero worshiping." He says that today's "heroes" are Terry Funk, Jia Cornette, Tod Gordon, Ric Flair, Cactus Jack, and Sabu and that they replaced fallen heroes Eddie Gilbert, Bill Watts, and Joel Goodhart. Let's forget for the moment that most of the people I talk to would place Ric Flair in the latter category and focus on what a nitwit this guy is. Heroes? Blindly worshiping? Doesn't Wade get it? Fans like the above mentioned names because they are wrestling fans and the first group gives them the kind of wrestling they enjoy watching. I like all of the guys that Wade mentioned, as do a lot of fans (though Flair is getting very stale) but that does not make them my idols. I love Kelsey Grammer and David Hyde Pierce from Frazier but that does not mean I am going to run out and be a psychiatrist. I am a huge Charles Barkley fan but that doesn't mean I will adopt his life philosophies. It means I like his work. Period. Punny, after ECW shows, I don't see fans moonsaulting tables just because they like Sabu, Wade. One of the reasons that he points to Gilbert's fall from hardcore grace was that Eddie no longer caters to the hardcore fan. I guess the Wadenator missed the shoot tape that Gilbert did with Bob Barnette, which was great by the way. Another thing in that column that shows me what a putz Keller is was the fact that he makes references to things written in his sheet as if they are gospel, especially opinion pieces. Just because it is written in your sheet Wado, doesn't mean it's true. And I hear he put a note in a recent issue, saying he is making changes, like dumping the Poindexter TV scorecard, because subscriptions are up. Yeah right. . . In the future I am going to try not to rip Keller, as it is akin to engaging in the battle of the wits with an unarmed man. This tirade is the direct fault of columnist/publisher/but-not-editor Barry "The boy from New York City" Rose, who told me about the column as a means of firing me up. It worked. . . Gotta take a minute to clarify some of the computer related stuff that Jeff Cohen addressed last month. Jeff stated that America Online had a wrestling section (true), that it was filled with mostly annoying marks (very true), and that AOL had complete access to the Internet Usenet newsgroups but that he didn't think their was a wrestling group on the net (untrue). Jeff said that it was probably just as well, as since the net was much bigger than AOL, there were probably just a lot more marks. While it is true that whenever there are more people, there is a greater chance for stupidity, in the case of the net group, called rec.sport.pro-wrestling, it is undoubtedly the best electronic computer discussion group around. It is worldwide and has "reporters" globally. The group is very much like an electronic sheet, and a damn good one as their are a lot of very knowledgeable contributors. There are a lot of ways to access the net. The best way is to get a "live" account, where you log in on a realtime basis. Many commercial services now offer such accounts. Delphi offers full Internet access. AOL offers access to most of the newsgroups. Genie has recently added newsgroup access and Compu-serve and Prodigy are in the process of doing the same, though I doubt they will get many users as CompuServe is extremely costly and Prodigy is the worst service out there. The cheapest one of these groups is Delphi. Most people gain net access at their college or place of business. In addition, there are a lot of Freenets and public access sites that make net access very affordable. Anybody wanting further info, write me through Barry. . . The matches that I have seen from the Super J Cup were phenomenal. The Great Sasuke was absolutely the star of the show. The moves he does are unbelievable, and words really don't do them justice. I liked that Liger put Sasuke over, thus establishing more opponents for himself. . . ECW has become my favorite hour of TV wrestling, Japan included. Week in and week out, the shows are creative and interesting. In addition, the squashes are kept to a minimum. The angle that Paul E. has come up with for Mikey Whipwreck is great. Having a jobronie keep his TV Title by DQ every week, plus all of the letters from ECW (where they say stuff like "It was nice knowing you) and the music vids (to "I'm a loser baby, so why don't ya kill me"), is fabulous. Add into that they often show matches from house shows, instead of squashes, like they did with Sabu vs Scorpio last week, and it is no wonder why I make myself unavailable on Tuesdays from 6 to 7. Oh, and though Meltzer says that Willie "Scoop" Watts is a black man, I just don't buy it. It sounds to me like old, bad announcer Jay Sulli trying not to sound like a mutant. . . Saw a few of the AAA Triplemania shows. Great stuff for the most part. I caught Liger's debut and it was good, but not great, on TV. As Steve Sims, remember him(?), used to say in his sheet, Televisa (parent company of Galavision and AAA) has always mixed the crowd noise poorly. It was obvious watching the match that the fans loved it, but not hearing the heat took a little something away. And while on AAA, on the 6/18 show, they showed a real good midjet match in which Mascarita Sagrada and Micro Konman were on the tecnico team. About a month ago, they turned Micro Konman heel. In the second fall, the rudo team was beating on Konman and Sagrada finally made the save. In between falls, the real Konman and Mascara Sagrada came in and got the midjets to shake hands. This is one of the times not speaking the language hurts me as a fan of foreign promotions. There might have been a great angle shot there, but to me it looked like a WCW style turn/turn back. On the same show, the camera, again, missed a hot move, this being Mascarita doing an Asai moonsault. . . Smoky Mountain Wrestling has bored the crap out of me lately. Other than the Jake Roberts vs Dirty White Boy, there isn't much else interesting going on there. The recent TV shows have been slow paced and production quality has gone down. And when I look at the WWF-SMW relationship, I wonder what Cornette is getting out of it, other than a paycheck. I see Titan taking Brian Lee and the Heavenly Bodies and I see Titan as wolf in sheep's clothing. I see a relationship that even if it was not costing him talent, it is costing him time, which is hurting his creativity. I am not going to doubt that he knows what he is doing, but I am starting to wonder. . . I have really enjoyed the return of Lance Russell to USWA TV. There is just something about Lance that makes watching a wrestling show fun for me. He is an all time classic in my book. . . I was really proud of Jeff Mullins and his "apology" in the last Sushi. I have always loved the sheet, and I appreciate the things he said about me and this column in it. I thought he was getting a bit out of control a while back and was glad to see him publicly state as much. Whether you like the sheet or not, you have to respect any man who has the balls to say he's wrong. Jeff has always been the master of biting, satirical humor. Give his sheet a try at: Jeff Mullins, PO Box 36189, San Jose, CA, 95158. Until next time.....

A KNEE TO THE GROIN!

"WHERE THE HELL IS BARRY ROSE NOW?!"

By Butch Bigelow

Wrestling's Most Humiliated, Embarrassed, Exasperated and Beleagured Columnist

Where the hell is Barry Rose now? This guy's got more crust than a bag of Dago rolls! First he's in Florida, then he's in New York City, then he's back in Florida again - always one step ahead of his parole officer and a couple of paternity suits! This goon is harder to pin down than a subscription refund from **John Arezzi**! One rumor I heard about his disappearances was that he had to leave New York because he pulled a groin muscle while digging a new latrine out behind **Tavern on the Green** - and it wasn't even his groin! Then I heard that he was arrested for stalking **Missy Hyatt**, trying to sniff the sweaty, smelly leotards she wears for roller blading in Central Park! This guy is getting to be as obnoxious as those infernal Canadians with their rude, bilingual streetwalkers, their itchy wool caps and their bogus bacon that's actually ham! I even know one guy up there who claims to eat pepperoni! There's no such thing as real pepperoni in Canada! They make it out of moose giblets!

TOP TEN WRESTLING CROSSOVER APPEARANCES!

A lot of wrestlers are making the transition into TV and movies lately. You've all seen the Immoral Huckster, Jim "Anusol" Neidhart, Brutus Buttcheeks and Stink on that crappy "Blunder in Steroidise" show but a lot of better deals are currently in the works. Here are just about ten of them:

10. **Cactus Jack** has been cast as the insidious **One Eared Man** in the sequel to last year's blockbuster "**The Fugitive**".

9. The Torch's very own **Bruce Mitchell** beat out a field of over 100 obnoxious, hyperactive 12-14 year olds for the lead in the Fox Network's new "**Erkel - The Next Generation!**"

8. **Cowboy Bill Watts** and **Rodney Luther King** are co-hosting a new politically correct game show called "**Cain We Aw Gid Alowon?**"

6. Teeny bopper fan favorite **Marcus Alexander Bagwell** will be featured as an intergalactic hero in a Sci Fi B movie called "**The Face Without a Brain!**"

5. **Melissa Hiatt** lands a plum role on "**Melrose Place**" portraying a whining, scheming, overinflated, airheaded, bleach blonde floozie named "**Missy**" who is nothing at all like the "**Real Missy**".

4. Despite reports about **David Spade** and **Adam Sandler**, keep 2 familiar names in mind for the upcoming live action version of **Beavis & Butthead**... think **Bowdren** and **Lederberg**.

3. **Sensuous Sherri Martel** will co-star with **Madonna** in the **Immaterial Girl's** all new 30 minute "**Nympho-mercial**".

2. Your's truly will be portraying **Tanya Harding's** fat assed, dimwitted bodyguard **Shawn Eckhardt** in "**Gillooly Mania - Sleazeballs on Ice**". Admittedly not much of a stretch.

1. **Mike Lano** will play **Dr. Cactus Jack Kevorkian** in a mini-series about a wild eyed podiatrist whose patients mysteriously expire during complimentary bunion surgery.

THE NEW AGE OF POLITICALLY CORRECT WRESTLERS!

PAUL "MR. 1-ARMDERFUL" ORNDORFF - This rugged veteran, once feared to have suffered a career ending nerve injury, has proven to all that even a guy with an arm like a chicken wing rejected by Col. Sanders can compete on a level playing field if given the opportunity. **Mr. 1-Armdersful** is truly a PC inspiration to all of those who are physically challenged.

ARN "THE POSITIVE REINFORCER" ANDERSON - Although he's not a licensed therapist, he's big enough, he's strong enough and doggone it, people like him because of the PC way he nurtures, comforts and encourages the jobbers and rookies who lack self-confidence and self-esteem.

RAISIN "THE BRAN GUY" RAMON - Following in the revered footsteps of natural food advocate, **Euell Gibbons** (who died of colon cancer from eating too many deep fried pork rinds), **Raisin "The Bran Guy" Ramon** is a PC locker room preacher who incessantly espouses the merits of natural, organic foods such as nuts, berries, roots, grains, twigs and grubs as a safe way to keep bulked up on the road.

BARRY HORTICULTURE-WITZ - This ever popular jobber, long plagued by a nagging foot fungus, has parlayed his affliction into a profitable side business. Through a delicate combination of space age genetic engineering and the clever usage of organic compost he has developed a PC environmentally safe serum which not only triggers massive muscle development but also cures jock itch.

The 1-3-2 DIK - They all said he didn't have a chance to make it in wrestling because he was too young, too skinny, too inexperienced, and worst of all, a hopeless dyslexic. But just as **President Hillary Rotten Clinton** repealed the ban on the hiring of blind school bus drivers, so has the PC wrestling business implemented the hiring of athletes with debilitating learning disorders. In this way, the **1-3-2 DIK** has found a niche in headliner matches even when he becomes totally disoriented by road signs on the way to the arena.

THAT'S ALL THE PEOPLE CARE TO KNOW!

SMOKY MOUNTAIN HOTSPOTS

BY TIM WHITEHEAD

Welcome to the current installment of Smoky Mountain Hotspots™, brought to you by MILK ("It Does A Body Good™"). Actually, since I'm certain Barry doesn't want to have his pants sued off by the National Dairy Board™, I must admit that this column isn't really sponsored by MILK, but it might as well be since they run that same damn commercial something like 3,896 times during every wrestling show on television. Why can't American commercials be as good as the ones they air during All Japan and New Japan wrestling? Personally, I'd more than welcome Kirin Lager Beer™ as the sponsor for this column!

Bob Caudle is awesome! That's something that simply needs to be said. For those of you who get to see the SMW TV show, check out the expressions on Caudle's face whenever he's holding the mic for an interview, especially if it's a heel doing the talking. Note that I said "holding the mic", because that's what he should be doing, unlike some other hosts who can't shut their big yap long enough to let the lead heel get a word in edgewise. I very much respect Les Thatcher since I grew up watching him, but to complement Caudle they really need a boisterous heel such as the much-missed Dutch Mantel as co-host. Thatcher has been great on the "Night Of The Legends" update segments, where he's been reviewing East Tennessee wrestling history. Jim Cornette is very upbeat about the "Legends" card, slated for August 5th at Knoxville Coliseum, and I want to officially go on record by predicting this will produce the biggest turnout in SMW history.

It's now well-known that SMW will be losing Brian Lee at the end of summer when he goes to the WWF to become the new Undertaker. Meltzer-san says one of the big promotions may soon make a move for Chris Candido. The Heavenly Bodies are gone, at least until the end of the year. So Cornette's gonna need to bring in some new wrestlers. I figured that out because I know so much about wrestling, especially since I started watching those captivating WCW shows produced by Eric Bischoff. By the way, if you haven't read Bischoff's interview in the Torch, order the back issues from Wade and read it straight through from beginning to end. Then, after you stop laughing, reflect on Bischoff's comments that he can't learn anything from watching SMW. If you think about it, he's probably right!

SMW overweight champion Jake Roberts is now bald, thanks to losing a hair match in Tijuana. Reportedly, Jake got \$20,000 for cutting his hair. I don't know about you, but I'd get shaved bald for that kind of money. I mean, it's gonna grow back. It's not like getting your arm amputated or something.

The latest female to enter SMW to challenge Tammy Fytch is Bambi. Incidentally, Bambi's nuts about me, or at least it says words to that effect on the back of an autographed photo she signed for me at an indie show about three years ago. Anyway, Bambi pops out of a box on the 6/18 TV show as a surprise opponent, setting up Rock & Roll Express & Bambi vs. Brian Lee & Chris Candido & Tammy Fytch matches for the July SummerBlast house show tour.

Time to play armchair booker. With SMW needing some new faces, I'm putting in my two cents worth on the subject. I realize that it's easy to fantasize about dream matches, and in the real world such everyday problems as money, contracts, schedule conflicts, injuries, etc. usually interfere, but I've been writing this column for over a year now and this is the first time I've pretended to be a booker, so humor me. Thus, if I were running things, I'd bring in Sabu and Cactus Jack at the end of summer. Jack will be available for indie dates as of 9/1, which coincides perfectly with the departure of Brian Lee. Jack could revert to his former heel status and team with Sabu, who could be brought out on an upright gurney a la Hannibal Lecter, just like in ECW. A heel Jack/Sabu team should be strong enough to carry things on the heel side until the Bodies return. Imagine the Thrillseekers doing a babyface interview, only to be unexpectedly attacked by Jack & Sabu, who beat the 'seekers (who by this time should be the tag champs) to a bloody pulp in a Philly style massacre. Imagine Terry Funk turning babyface and bringing in Eddie Gilbert as his partner to try to subdue the

Jack/Sabu rampage. Jack and Sabu could later break up and feud against one another. And imagine the look on Bob Caudle's face as he's holding the mic during all of this! Admittedly, this would take a lot of money, but you've gotta admit it would be hot stuff (no pun intended regarding Gilbert). In fact, with this kind of main event, a bunch of Dave Scherer's Philly "mutants" might even come down to see the show. Combined with the usual rowdy East Tennessee fans, this would make for one of the hottest (and also most dangerous) crowds in history. Also, we have plenty of tables around here since North Carolina is the furniture capital of the United States. Sabu could break tables all day and we'd never run short. Anyway, if Cornette can't put this scenario together, then how about bringing in Manami Toyota and Takako Inoue? I'd settle for that!

See ya next issue!

Sucker Punch

BY BARRY ROSE



This month's "SUCKER PUNCH" column will have little to offer in the way of professional wrestling. What it will offer is how you, the loyal CHAIRSHOTS readership, can save this fanzine. After twenty four issues, CHAIRSHOTS has reached a crossroads of sorts. When we started this deal a year and a half ago, we envisioned a newsletter for the hardest of the hardcore grap fan. A newsletter where no single individual held the upper hand, and where the readership wasn't forced to read eight or so pages of the views of the editor or publisher. A newsletter where your letters were printed "as is" with no editing involved, and "guest" writers were encouraged. But, and most of all, we wanted to be part of a sheet where EVERYBODY was involved in one way or another. Suffice to say, we started off like gangbusters. But after a year, the tide started to turn, and CS, for lack of a better term, lost it's momentum. One blatant example is the CS MAILBOX. At first, the Mailbox often couldn't be contained to just a single page, and it usually went to two. CS was being "touted" as having the best reader's letters page in the wrestling sheet biz. Plans were, at one time, to even publish a special "letters" only edition. But, somewhere along the line, something went wrong and we hit a snag. Readership took a minor (very minor) dip. The letters and comments stopped pouring in, and a general feeling of apathy seemed to rule the pages. Many of you made it known to me that you really did care about CS and truly missed the Mailbox while it was on hiatus. Whenever a renewal check would filter in, the attached note would plead for the letters page to return. So what happened? last issue the Mailbox returned and I personally wrote on at least fifty envelopes asking people (the people who had asked for the Mailbox to return) to make a contribution for this issue. How many responded? One. One single individual. In his letter in this issue's Mailbox, Greg "Canadian Of The Year" VandenHeuvel asks for a section in CS where fans can buy/sell/trade wrestling merchandise (videos, masks, etc.) because he feels that the CS clan is a "tight knit group". We certainly used to be. Was all of the infighting and feuding that may have seperated us? If that was the cause, I'm calling for an end to it. I personally want to shoulder some of the blame for our lack of "momentum". With all of the crap I've been through over the last six months, it seems like a miracle to me that CS is even publishing at all. I also confess to a certain lack of interest lately. The Stanley Cup matchup involving the Rangers and the Canucks (those damn Canadians) and the entire NBA playoffs right down to game six (I'm typing this minutes before the start-GO KNICKS!!!) have kept me glued to my television set in a way that wrestling hasn't done in years. But, with Cactus Jack hopefully headed to Japan to work with Onita in FMW, my interest could be peaking once again. I hope that I haven't given the impression that CS is dead and buried, because it isn't. But, to stay alive, we need your help (not only your monetary support). Send us your letters, comments, ideas for future features and columns, and anything else you think could help improve our once illustrious pages and return us to glory! This is just as much your sheet as it is anyone else's! Save CS from doom! You can make a difference! And that, ladies and gentlemen, is no bullshit!

Now that the anal part part of my column is over, WCW has screwed up in a big (and their usual) way with letting Maxx Payne get away and the forthcoming departure of Cactus Jack. Payne had finally found his niche tagging with Cacti. Now it appears that he is Titan bound. Vince will undoubtedly cast his WWF magic over Maxx and make him their next big heel, ala Kokinazuna. Cactus, one of the hardcore's favorite workers will take his fans wherever he chooses to ply his trade. Lets just hope that he doesn't kill himself in the process. Until next issue, I AM OUTTA HERE.....

HARD CORE

BY: JOHN "I GOT THIS STORY FROM HARRY NICHOLS" NICHOLCK '94

BACK IN THE OLD MID ATLANTIC
NWA DAYS, T.V. TAPING WAS
AT CHANEL 5 IN RALEIGH N.C.
OH, ABOUT
1977-78?
I GUESS.



AN OLD FRIEND HARRY WENT TO
THE WEDNESDAY NIGHT TAPINGS
AND AFTERWARDS WENT ACROSS
THE STREET TO A BAR..



A BAR
BAR...
OK?

WHEN THEY WENT IN WHO'S THERE
BUT WAHOO, PAUL JONES AND
THE LEGEND HIMSELF ANDRE
THE GIANT.



HARRY IS A SUPER NICE AND BRAVE
GUY INTRODUCED HIMSELF AND
CUT UP SOME WITH THE GROP
GUYS. EVERYTHING WAS REAL
COOL.



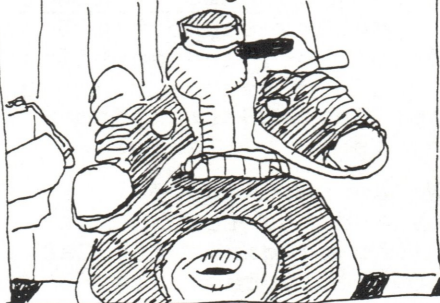
ANDRE WAS POUNDING DOWN
SOME BEER'S AND HAVING
A GREAT TIME. HE TOOK OFF
ONE OF HIS RINGS AND HARRY
SWEARS HE COULD HAVE
WORN IT LIKE A BRACELET



AFTER ABOUT 30 MINUTES,
ANDRE DECIDES TO TAKE A
LEAK, AND AS ANY FUTURE
JOURNALIST HARRY FOLLOWED.
AFTER ALL WOULDN'T YOU?



NOW PICTURE THIS ANDRE DRAIN-
ING IT AND 5'6" HARRY CLIMB-
ING UP ON THE TOILET IN THE
NEXT STALL PEERING AT THE
GIANT! HARRY SAID IF ANYONE
EVER NEEDS A UEN FOR A
HEAVY TRANSPLANT CALL ANDRE!



ANDRE DID LOOK UP AT
HARRY (MAKE THAT LOOK ACROSS)
AND SAID THE FAMOUS PHRASE
"DO YOU WANT TO SEE THE
GIANTS **DICK?**"
NEEDLESS TO SAY HARRY RAN
LIKE HELL!



LATER ANDRE WENT OUT OF
CONTROL AND STARTED YELLING
"DO YOU THINK I AM A
FREAK?"
IT WAS ALL WAHOO AND P.S.
COULD DO TO CONTROL HIM!



NOW THAT ANDRE HAS PASSED AWAY, I CAN'T HELP BUT REMEMBER HIS PICK-UP LINE!
I WISH I COULD USE IT... DAMN IT! REST IN PEACE BIG MAN.